

THE TRIBUNE

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 THE TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY.
 D. W. MAJOR, Editor.
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The official vote of Arkansas shows Bryan's plurality to be 36,401. In 1896 Bryan's plurality was 72,591.

Senator Vest says that the late election "demonstrates the fact that Mr. Bryan can never be president." We told you that four years ago.

The TRIBUNE is printed at home, the inside on Tuesday afternoon and the outside Thursday afternoon. Last week we secured two items of news as absolutely certain Tuesday morning. By Thursday morning both had been changed by the parties interested having changed their minds. The TRIBUNE never turns a piece of news loose until it is thoroughly assured that it is correct at the time of writing.

Secretary of State Lescuyer says if the millers and retail grocers of Missouri combine to charge one price for flour, they will be forming a trust, and warns them that such a thing will not work in Missouri.—Frankford Chronicle.

Of course not? What right have farmers, millers or any other common people to form a trust in Missouri? Under our democratic administration this right belongs solely to the rich class, who own bonds and stocks, and run such corporations as the St. Louis Transit Company. No matter what kind of a trust that class organizes it is endorsed by our Democratic state officials, and that, over the protest of the people.—Pike County News.

The man who bases his hopes for happiness in the hereafter on a religion that confines itself to one day out of the seven, will be lost just the same as any other common scoundrel. Holy living means more than a Sunday face, but that's all some people count on to get to heaven. It is their only passport and they expect St. Peter to accept it without a question. But he won't. He isn't built that way. They'll have to unmask. The ear marks of thievery and avarice must be exposed. The old punch-toughened like a piece of the devil's own tankard with whiskey and gluttony must be turned out for inspection. Holy living is the only way. St. Peter doesn't keep any church registers. His only book is a record of "deeds done in the body," and it covers every day in the week.

Missouri is extraordinarily rich in minerals, but its legislature have given the subject little attention. The state is larger in area than the six New England States combined. Coal is mined in thirty-six of the counties in Missouri. Lead and zinc mines are operated in eleven counties. The coal area is estimated at 23,000 square miles, or one-third of the area of the whole state. Missouri also has iron, copper and silver, barytes, glass sands, many valuable clays, building stones, granite, marble, onyx, building sands, gravel and lime. How much time does an average Legislature give the subject? Not three days nor two days. It offers the people a ton of small politics to a single grain of the intelligent considerations of the wonderful but neglected mineral wealth of Missouri.—Globe-Democrat.

The surest way we know to get gray-headed is to run a newspaper in Wellsville to suit everybody. We are now being kicked by some know alls for not "raising old Ned" about the court house question. The editor of this paper is no lawyer—consequently can not tell whether Montgomery received enough votes or not. But it does not take a lawyer to know some people in Wellsville could not sleep well unless they had something to kick about. If Montgomery had enough votes, she should have the county seat. If she did NOT have enough votes, then the county seat should remain at Danville. As far as we are concerned, they can move the thing to Callaway County.—Wellsville Record.

G. Pittman Smith went to Bowling Green last Monday to look after legal the circuit court.

Too Much Ladying.

There is too much ladying of women shoppers to suit them, and some of them are complaining. They say the innocent repetition of "lady" by salesgirls, till it fills about every other breath, is annoying and they suggest that the fact that they are ladies be understood. "It's like this," said one of the society women yesterday. "I go into a shop and ask for dress goods and a conversation on this order ensues: 'Have you such and such dress goods?' 'Oh yes, lady, plenty. Shall I show you this pattern lady? Now lady, this is the latest; all the ladies are wearing this lady, and only the other day a lady said it was the best she or her lady friend ever had. How much, lady? Three ninety-nine, lady. Four yards, lady? All right lady. What address, lady, please?' Hosiery, lady? First counter beyond, lady. Mamie, show the lady some ladies' hose. Now wouldn't it be better to leave out a few 'lady's' and give the customer some information?—Kansas City Journal.

It's Been Settled.

Where's Dockery? In the State House with his hands tied. Or will be.—Ralls County News.

Where's McKinley? In the White House, with Mark Hanna, pulling the string making him jump like a jumping jack.—Bowling Green Times.

Yes, pulling the string—the string attached to the wheel of civilization, which, as it rolls, leaves behind it a trail of crushed superstitions, opinions about national honor, "imperialism," and a dozen other things. But the ship of State keeps steadily on her course, guided by the arm of One able to deliver us from the sting of national death or dishonor. And the American people—that same people, who, regardless of party, shook the nation's fist and thundered the nation's righteous indignation in the face of the insulters of the flag bought by the blood of their forefathers—that same people who have watched with delight the old ship as she has proudly breasted every wave of a four years' voyage and finally ran the race of races upon the political high seas—that people say with one voice: "It is well; we are satisfied." And if there be one who would have her drift upon the breakers, he "Mayhall" up her anchor and let her drift—if he can.—Ralls County News.

NEWSPAPER MEN RECEIVE BRYAN'S OLD CLOTHES.

Newspaper men are liable to receive just any old thing. They have been known to receive cord wood, turnips, "watah millyons" punched coin, soft solder and once in a great while a "soft snap." But it remained for Bryan to blaze out a brand new thoroughfare through which gifts and souvenirs might find their way into the newspaper man's junk-shop of strange and mysterious relics. When Bryan had concluded his campaign in New York and was about to take his departure from his private car Rambler he called the newspaper men around him and told them perhaps they would like to have some keepsake or souvenir of their association together, and at once began to hand out his old weather beaten and travel-stained garments to the boys. To one he gave his old alpaca coat, to another his old Fedora hat, to another, various and sundry pieces of wearing apparel. The boys stood in an attitude of total wonderment. This parting of his garments suggested the crucifixion and they felt that it was sacrilegious, but they took his old clothes and no doubt will often fish them out of their old trunks in years to come and gaze on them as did Mark Anthony with Caesar's coat or Arnold at his own "faded coat of blue." We think Bryan made a mistake in giving his Fedora hat to a newspaper man. He should have given his hat to Webster Davis to preserve along with the one with the hole in that has made Davis so famous. He should have given his Sox to Jerry Simpson, "soxless Jerry" of Medicine Lodge or to Mary Ellen Lease. His smoking jacket should have gone to ex-President Kruger of the Boer Republic and his running shoes to George Washington Aguinaldo. His "imperialism cloak" to Mark Hanna, his "militarism" blanket to Bridle Bits Waite and his "16 to 1" overalls to

Gum Shoe Bill Stone, of egg-sucking fame. We are in favor of all these gentlemen contesting the last will and testament of William Jennings Bryan before it is admitted to probate by the newspaper men. The newspaper men are not entitled to the whole earth. Cord-wood, turnips and soft solder is enough, and the line should be drawn at Bryan's old clothes.

\$170,000 Wedding.

Miss Louisa Morgan, daughter of J. Pierpont Morgan, the New York Millionaire, was married Thursday of last week. The wedding was the most brilliant event of the fall and the famous banker spent more than \$170,000 to make the nuptials magnificent. Exceptional interest attaches itself to the wedding for two reasons, first because it is a love match, and second, because in their domestic life the Morgan's court privacy and do not care for the blaze of publicity. The bride is the favorite daughter of the millionaire banker and has been his constant companion. Her life has been quiet and she has frequently rejected the offers of foreign suitors of title. Several years ago she met Satterlee, a young lawyer of promise. Their acquaintance ripened into love, and in two years they became engaged. Miss Morgan did one sensible thing, she married an American.

The republicans are getting on early after the local postmaster-ship. Already petitions are being circulated. It is reported that besides Mr. Treloar Messrs. George Kunkel and J. T. Clabaugh will also be applicants for the office a year from next April. All are genuine republicans and that is what Hanna is looking for.—Mexico Intelligencer.

It Wasn't a Blacksmith Shop.

Traveling men who visit New Canaan "get gas" at their peril when dealing with local druggists, as the following incident, related by a correspondent in the Macon Republican, unmistakably indicates: "A drummer was in our city one day last week and in passing one of our drug stores dropped in and made inquiries if that was a blacksmith shop. As it rather offended our druggist the latter at once grabbed the gentleman by the back of the neck and the bosom of his pants and carried him to the street dropping him in the mud in a reckless way."

Biggie Berry Book, being No. 2 of the Biggie Books, is all about berries. A whole encyclopedia of berry lore, boiled down after the manner of Farm Journal. Tells about varieties, about shipping, about planting, growing, marketing, cultivating, picking and marketing. It gives practical pointers from the pens of scores of leading berry growers from all parts of the country who have contributed to its columns. It has colored representations of berries true to size and color, thirty-three portraits of practical berry men, and thirty-five other illustrations, handsomely bound in cloth. The price is 50c by mail address the publishers, Wilmer Atkinson Co., Philadelphia.

There are fifty million herd of cattle in the United States, of which number from fifteen to twenty million are dairy cows. If every one of our readers would get Biggie Cow Book published at 50c by the Wilmer Atkinson Co., Philadelphia, they could greatly increase the product from every cow in their herd. 11-30-21

December 12th will mark the centennial anniversary of the removal of the seat of government from Philadelphia to Washington, D. C. The occasion will be appropriately observed at the White House.

Among the illustrations in that excellent work, the Horse Book, written by Judge Biggie, is General George Washington's stable at Mount Vernon. The chapter on stables contains many helpful hints, and has the plans and elevation of an attractive village stable. The price is 50c by mail; address the publishers, Wilmer Atkinson Co., Philadelphia.

A printer on an exchange, in making up forms one day in a hurry got a marriage and a grocer's notice mixed up so it read as follows: John Smith and Miss Ida Quarry were united in the bonds of good old sauerkraut which will be sold by the quart or barrel. Mr. Smith is highly esteemed at 40 cents a pound, while the bride is a charming shoulder to display.—Ex.

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Rheumatism.

Nobody knows all about it; and nothing, now known, will always cure it.

Doctors try Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, when they think it is caused by imperfect digestion of food. You can do the same.

It may or may not be caused by the failure of stomach and bowels to do their work. If it is, you will cure it; if not, you will do no harm.

The way, to cure a disease is to stop its cause, and help the body get back to its habit of health.

When Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil does that, it cures; when it don't, it don't cure. It never does harm.

The genuine has this picture on it, take no other. If you have not tried it, send for free sample, its agreeable taste will surprise you. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409 Pearl St., N. Y. 50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

A PRETTY GIPSY BRIDE.

Old Marriage Contract Filed in Recorder's Office—Ancient Gypsy Custom Was Set Aside.

Two gypsies from Armenia got a marriage license at the recorder's office yesterday and placed on record the only gypsy marriage contract, and the most peculiar document of its kind in the country. The bride, a girl of 17, is a fortune-teller, and the groom, a boy of 19, swaps horses for a living. She wore a lawn dress, with shawl and head dress of rich oriental colors, a necklace of many strands of large beads and Cuban buckeyes, two pairs of silver bracelets, fortune-telling coins and rings on every finger. She was a picture of the typical gypsy girl, hair black as the raven's wing, complexion darker than an Italian's with dark, dreamy eyes and smiling mouth. Her name was Maria Arbar. As her marriage portion she brought three horses, a wagon, a tent, bed-clothing and cooking utensils.

The groom, as the contract stated, had nothing but the clothes he wore, and they made but a sorry wedding suit. A large light-colored scarf was tied about his collarless neck, and an old black hat with black crown rested on his head. His name was Charles Stanley.

According to gypsy custom in Egypt and Armenia, the groom buys the bride for several hundred or several thousand dollars, as the case may be, but the groom in this case, having no money, was released by his father and mother from the obligation of contributing to their support, an obligation which usually remains in force after marriage. The contract in full, which was copied by Deputy Costello while the wedding party waited, was as follows:

GIPSY WEDDING CONTRACT.

Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 20, 1900.

Agreement Concerning Marriage:

The girl has three horses, one wagon and a little money, every thing that they need to start on, but the boy has nothing but what he has on, and she agrees to marry him on condition. He has father, mother and two brothers, and in our rule we have to buy women. And then the boy and the girl has to work for the boy's mother and father until they pay the amount back, whatever it may be. Now this girl has an aged mother, and her mother don't want no money for her, but she wants someone to marry her daughter and care for her until death; but now she has found this boy, and his parents have no money to pay for this girl, for our women run up to \$500, \$600 and \$700. This boy's parents and brothers agree to let this boy marry this girl, and they say they will not have anything to do with this boy afterwards, for the girl says she would not marry him under no consideration and be with his parents. She wants to be with her mother. He and his parents and brothers agree to this, and if not there will be no marriage, and if they marry, and after this parents and he vary from the agreement, he shall be imprisoned

wherever he may be in the United States, for she don't want any foolishness in her marrying. She means to marry for a lifetime journey.

When Deputy Costello had copied the contract and read it aloud, the bride said: "Read it over again. I want him to have some sense."

While this was going on the parents of the boy and girl and eight or ten other Gypsy men and women belonging to the roving band, stood about the desk and talked in their native tongue.

A large crowd soon collected in the recorder's office and many admiring remarks were made about the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Frank McNincy, a bride and groom of recent date, happened to be in the recorder's office at the time, and Mrs. McNincy took a fancy to the young gypsy bride at once.

"How old are you?" she asked.

"Seventeen."

"Oh, you're just a little girl, aren't you?"

The black eyes winked an eloquent answer.

"Where were you born?"

"In England—but my father came from Egypt and my mother from America," the bride answered, in broken, but pleasing English.

"Where do you live?"

"Everywhere—in my skin."

The gypsy band has traveled from California in covered wagons and came in from Topeka yesterday, pitching tents at thirty-first and South-west boulevard, and will probably hibernate here.

Are you a literal descendant of Cleopatra? You look like her.

"Oh, how can I tell?"

"Do you tell the same fortune to everybody?"

"Oh, my, no."

While the marriage license was being made out the bride told several fortunes at 50 cents per. She withdrew to a corner of the room with Deputy Mahony, examined his palm, placed one of the dangling coins in it, moved it about rapidly and rattled off fifty years of fortune in about five seconds—he was to die rich after a two-weeks' illness, was to get a letter some Saturday soon, after which his trouble would be at an end, was too liberal, making much money, but spending it freely, had two bitter enemies who pretended to be his friends, etc., and if he told his fortune to any one within three weeks it would not come true. The groom evinced no jealousy while his prospective bride held the hands of other men and told their fortunes. He scarcely glanced toward her while she read their fates.

They were married by Father O'Dwyer.—Kansas City Journal.

Go to Teach Lepers.

Washington, Nov. 24.—A number of Franciscan sisters will leave this country next week to establish an industrial school in the leper settlement at Molokai, in the Hawaiian island. They intend to devote their future lives in behalf of the lepers, and probably will never return to their homes in the United States. The leader of this band is Mother Ann M. Schilling, a native of Syracuse, N. Y. She and her companions will start for San Francisco direct for Hawaii, bearing with them, it is said, the special blessing of Pope Leo XIII.

Columbia Herald college note: Wednesday morning during the fourth lecture three junior academics prowled into the cloak room of the law building and by the aid of sacks were proceeding to carry off the hats of the "mules" in retaliation for the persistency of the latter named gentlemen in confiscating the much prized red caps of the academic class. But, thanks to the ever watchful eye of the janitor, the purloiners were intercepted, red handed, in the act and forced to drop their plunder. Some skill at handling the sacks in snipe hunts is conceded the juniors but to the end attempted they are bimal failures.

Home From Klondike

Monroe Beagles arrived home from Bamport City, Alaska, last Friday. While gathering drift wood for fuel on the river in September he was so unfortunate as to have his leg broken. Realizing that Alaska is no place for a cripple during the winter, he concluded to come home. He was 21 days in making the trip. His broken limb is not doing as well as it might and may cause him further trouble. His gold claims are proving to be profitable ones and he will likely return to Alaska in the spring.—Ladonia Herald.

The mosquito's name is Dennis, nowadays. Not content with charging her with carrying malaria, scientists are now crediting up yellow fever to her account. This is most ungallant to a lady—for the male mosquito doesn't bite.

RETURNED TO BE SHOT.

Indian Base Ball Player Comes back For Execution.

Jim Running Deer, a Choctaw Indian base ball player, was legally executed near Chelsea, I. T., on Friday for a crime he committed three years ago. Since the time of his being sentenced and the date of his execution he has been roaming about over the country playing base ball with a band of Indians, says the Chicago Record. He has neither been under guard nor bond. All the assurance that the officials of the Choctaw nation, had of his return was that he had given his promise which was sufficient.

Running Deer was well known in western base ball circles as an expert pitcher. He had made quite a record in this line since he was sentenced, to be shot and base ball circles will miss the Indian more than anyone else. It is quite a common thing for Choctaw Indians to come home to be shot. It seems to be a trait of their race. The Choctaws never heard of a jail for their prisoners. All were turned loose upon their own promise to come back and few have ever failed to keep their word.—Ex.

An Eye on Champ.

In speaking of candidates for congress to succeed Champ Clark when he goes(?) to the Senate, the Farber Forum has this to say of two of Montgomery's popular statesmen: Hon. Claude Ball, of Montgomery, says he is willing. Claude has carried his home county against odds, which is evidence of his strength. Judge E. M. Hughes, also from Montgomery, may be urged to make the race. He has a fine record as circuit judge, is an able man, personally popular and could command considerable political strength in the important counties in district.

The gold in the treasury February amounted to \$51,447,405 dollars the highest point ever reached since the foundation of the government. This is said to be the largest gold fund in the world.

FREE BLOOD CURE.

An offer proving faith to sufferers. Is your Blood Pure? Are you sure of it? Do cuts or scratches heal slowly? Does your skin itch or burn? Have you Pimples Eruptions? Aching Bones or Back? Eczema? Old Sores? Boils? Scrofula? Rheumatism? Foul Breaths? Catarrhs? Are you pale? If so purify your blood at once with B. B. B. (Bottled Blood Balm). It makes the Blood Pure and Rich, heals every sore and gives a clear, smooth, healthy. Deep seated cases like eczema, cancer, eating sores, painful swellings, and Blood poison are quickly cured by B. B. B., made especially for all obstinate Blood and Skin Trouble. B. B. B. is different from other remedies because B. B. B. drains the Poison and Humors out of the Blood and entire system so the symptoms cannot return. Give it a trial. It cures when all else fails. Thoroughly tested for 20 years. Sold at drug stores at \$1 per large bottle, 6 large bottles (full treatment) \$5. So sufferers may test it, a trial bottle given away absolutely free. Write for it. Address BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga. Write today. Describe trouble and free medical advice given.

Many people worry because they believe they have heart disease. The chances are that their hearts are all right but their stomachs are unable to digest food. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat and prevents the formation of gas which makes the stomach press against the heart. It will cure every form of digestion. City Drug Store.



"Sweet Bells Jangled Out of Tune and Harsh."

Shakespeare's description fits thousands of women. They are cross, despondent, sickly, nervous—a burden to themselves and their families. Their sweet dispositions are gone, and they, like the bells, seem sadly out of tune. But there is a remedy. They can use

McELREE'S Wine of Cardui

It brings health to the womanly organism, and health there means well-poised nerves, calumnes, strength. It restores womanly vigor and power. It tones up the nerves which suffering and disease have shattered. It is the most perfect remedy ever devised to restore weak women to perfect health, and to make them attractive and happy. \$1.00 at all druggists. For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn. KEY, J. W. SMITH, Camden, S. C. says: "My wife used Wine of Cardui at home for falling of the womb and it entirely cured her."